

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXI. NO. 38.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1861.

WHOLE NO. 1,078.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

AT ITS OFFICE, NO. 5 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

107 N. Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.

LETTERS for publication, or the paper should be addressed to "Editor of THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

THE STANDARD.

THE ANDERSON EXTRADITION CASE.

PUBLIC OPINION IN ENGLAND.

The London *Times*, after a careful statement of the facts in the case of the fugitive slave Anderson, whose rendition has been demanded by the Government of the United States of the Government of Canada—he having killed a man in Missouri who attempted to arrest his flight from bondage—says:

"In their hearts and consciences the Canadian authorities must have felt that Anderson slew his enemy in defence of all that man holds dear; they must have felt that to surrender him to his pursuers to be burnt alive—a fate probably reserved for him—he would be a most dreadful responsibility, and yet as judges bound to administer the law uprightly, they may have hardily seen how to evade this conclusion. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that they have taken refuge in indecision, and remitted the case successively from one court to another. First, the magistrates gave up the attempt, and referred the matter to the Attorney-General; then the Attorney-General, after two months' consideration, alleged his incompetence; and now the Court of Queen's Bench has cognizance of the question, by which tribunal it must finally be decided. Before this time, indeed, judgment has doubtless been given, though on which it would be hard to conjecture."

"We suppose there will be hardly a man in England who will not hope for the success even of his possible rescue, if things come to that extremity. The case probably in store at this crisis of Southern fanaticism for a slave who not only ran away, but killed the white planter who attempted to arrest him, is too shocking to think of, and yet the Missouri agents may establish their case. The truth is, that such complications must forever be contingent upon institutions like that of slavery. Wherever an institution is as variegated in its very essence with the moral instincts of our nature, the antagonism thus created will pervade every question concerning it. All except slaveholders will judge this case by feelings which they will place above the law. They may not carry their convictions to the length of breaking the law, but in their hearts they will condemn it, and will sympathize with the offender. This is a conflict of laws, which can never be terminated by any political compromise or legal adjustment. It must prevail as long as slavery prevails, for slavery cannot prevail without enactments against which humanity rebels. Nature and law are therefore forced into collision, and under such conditions no peace can be reasonably expected."

In a subsequent article the same paper says:

"But we are, therefore, to surrender this man to the cruel fate which awaits him in the neighboring State? The suggestion is preposterous. That we, who look

upon such scorn upon the Little State of Essex for delivering up a Hungarian nobleman who had trusted to her hospitality, should, in our strength and our grandeur, deliver up a wretched slave who had run for our soil to the ark of freedom, may be argued as a logical necessity in a court of law, but is an obvious impossibility as a fact. How it will be we do not pretend to foretell. How the logical necessity will be shown to be a practical impossibility, we are by no means prepared to explain; but very confident we are that this negro is at this moment as safe, in the prison of Toronto, from ever being sent before a Missouri jury of slave-owners as he would be if he were in the wilds of Central Africa. Meanwhile, as we gather from the report, there is no immediate hurry, or any danger of any steps being taken to carry out the judgment. From the decision of the Queen's Bench there is, it appears, by the Canadian law, an appeal to the Bench of Judges, and thence again there is an appeal, as we understand, to the Privy Council in England. Although we may fear that upon the broad question of law the decision of English lawmen must concur with that of the Queen's Bench of Canada, and although the ingenuity of counsel and of anxious judges may fail to discover any technical objection which may vitiate the proceedings, yet time will be afforded for the intervention of diplomacy within the province of which a difficulty of this character specially fails. It is not because we have readily gone into an engagement which involves an unscrupulous obligation to burn an innocent man, that we are, therefore, to burn him. It is not because we have blindly and unknowingly bound ourselves systematically to outrage all the common laws of God and humanity, that we are therefore now, as a matter of course, to do the first act and to take the first step by the same means as the Romans used to adopt when they desired to commit themselves to some nefarious enterprise—by the sacrifice of a slave. As a topic of transatlantic excitement, this slave case is a topic of transatlantic excitement, this slave case

surely if any class of refugees in the wide world have a stronger claim than another to the benefit of the judgment. From the decision of the Queen's Bench there is, it appears, by the Canadian law, an appeal to the Bench of Judges, and thence again there is an appeal, as we understand, to the Privy Council in England. Although we may fear that upon the broad question of law the decision of English lawmen must concur with that of the Queen's Bench of Canada, and although the ingenuity of counsel and of anxious judges may fail to discover any technical objection which may vitiate the proceedings, yet time will be afforded for the intervention of diplomacy within the province of which a difficulty of this character specially fails. It is not because we have readily gone into an engagement which involves an unscrupulous obligation to burn an innocent man, that we are, therefore, to burn him. It is not because we have blindly and unknowingly bound ourselves systematically to outrage all the common laws of God and humanity, that we are therefore now, as a matter of course, to do the first act and to take the first step by the same means as the Romans used to adopt when they desired to commit themselves to some nefarious enterprise—by the sacrifice of a slave. As a topic of transatlantic excitement, this slave case

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CO-RESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters expressing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed to "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NO. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NO. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

THE BOSTON RIOT.

ANOTHER access of the Mob-fever has seized upon the country. Or, rather, upon the North—for at the South, it is the chronic, if not the normal, condition of the section. Sanguine persons have all along been willing and ready to hope and believe that the North had outgrown the distemper and that it would never again set in. We have never been of this number, for we have always regarded these outbreaks of popular violence as inevitable as long as slavery exists, or, at least, as long as the Union endures. They spring from precisely the same state of mind that leads to the lawless violence in the slave States. Slavery furnishes the inspiration, and the poor whites, the white trash—not always poor, as men count poverty, at the North—do the dirty work their betters bid them. Nothing can cure the disease but the removal of the first cause, slavery, or of the second, the interest which the Union gives the North in slavery. The Northern mobs, and their promoters in the best and worst, are but the *Sbirri* of Naples, the *gens d'armes* of Paris, the police of Vienna, who do the work of tyranny for certain pay and provant, and whose existence must endure as long as the tyranny itself.

given in our columns for some time past account of anti-slavery meetings broken up by mob violence in various parts of this State, of Connecticut, and elsewhere, and this week we put on record the crowning villainy in this kind up to the present time. The official account of the way in which the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society was robbed of its utterance and its hearing in Boston will be found in another place, and will speak louder of the infamy of the parties concerned in it than can any comment of ours. For the first time since the Society was gathered, now on the brink of thirty years, have its sessions been broken up in the capital of Massachusetts. Disturbances more or less have often accompanied its sessions, but never to the extent of putting a violent end to them. And for a good many years its assemblies have been as quiet as those of the American Board of Commissioners. This year, the old virulence, after sleeping for a quarter of a century, has broken forth again with a fierceness fully equal to that of the ebullitions of 1835. Premonitions of its coming fury had been seen in the John Brown mob of December Third, and the attempts to break up the religious services at the Music Hall whenever Mr. Phillips was to conduct them, but the full violence of the storm, and the hopelessness of protection from it at the hands of the authorities of the city or of the State, were not perceived in their full force until Thursday of last week. Then, after two sessions, disgracefully riotous through an organized and disciplined mob, the Hall which the Society had hired for their Anniversary was shut in their faces and the object of the mob accomplished for them by the act of the Mayor, Mr. Wightman.

The meeting opened in apparent tranquillity. The introductory religious exercises and the preliminary business met with no interruption, and those present flattered themselves that the flourish of trumpets which the enemy had sounded before themselves would only serve to attract a larger audience than usual. This effect it certainly had, for there has seldom been so large an auditory at the opening session of any previous meeting. And this of persons really desirous of assisting at the Anniversary. But this was only because the troops had not rallied in force as early in the day. It was soon evident that the body-guards of slavery and the Union were on duty. As soon as the Rev. James Freeman Clarke had got into the thick of his speech and began to come to close quarters with the Power they served, their loyalty began to make itself manifest by growing demonstrations of disorder. But when Mr. Phillips began, the hubbub rose louder and louder, and, for a large portion of his speech, it drowned every word that he said to any ears more remote than the Reporter's table. And after he had finished, neither the philosophic calmness of Mr. Emerson nor the fiery zeal of Mr. Higginson could gain more than an occasional and fragmentary hearing. Though the actors in the morning's drama were chiefly young lads, yet there were to be seen men of maturer years and of good standing in society giving them countenance and encouragement by their presence and approbation. The battle was begun by the light troops and skirmishers thrown forward as a cover for the heavier armed forces who were kept in reserve.

In the afternoon, the proceedings again began in quietness and Mr. Burleigh had been making his logical blows tell on the enemy, like Charles Martel upon the Saracens, for a good season before they aroused its fury, or perhaps before it had gathered in force. Then, however, it raged in good earnest and during his speech and that of Mr. Hoyt, the youthful counsel of John Brown, and it was only now and then by good luck, or in a moment of conscientious exhaustion, that a sentence could be heard. And every sentence that could be heard, it may well be believed, only helped to make the flame burn more fiercely. The character of the mob was perceptibly changed and a larger proportion of older and more desperate persons than had made up that of the morning could be detected among them. The riot was at its height, the crowd surging towards the centre from the edges and hurling down the cushions from the galleries on the heads below, and howling in a manner worthy of Pandemonium, when his Honor, Mayor Wightman, entered upon the scene. He appealed to the rioters as his very noble and approved good masters, and before long commanded silence enough to be heard. He then stated that he held in his hand a letter from the Trustees of the Tremont Temple requesting him to disperse the meeting. This was received with shouts of applause from the mob and with exclamations of incredulity from the platform. This last knew the Trustees too well to believe them capable of such a breach of faith. And when the Mayor, though refusing to show the document, proceeded to read it, it was evident that they knew the nature of the contents better than he did. It was a simple statement of the fact of the riot, and a request that he would disperse the rioters and protect the property of the Trustees.

We think that this was an honest misunderstanding on the part of Mr. Wightman, for, as soon as he discerned the real nature of the demand made upon him, he came to the Vice-President in the chair and asked him what he wished to be done. That officer replied that he wished the front gallery to be cleared, that being the stronghold of the rioters. This the Mayor directed to be done. After it was accomplished he asked the Chairman what else was required. He was told a sufficient force of police to keep order, and a responsible officer to call upon should further measures be necessary. Both were furnished. The Mayor then gave the meeting into the hands of the Chairman, acknowledging the lawfulness of its object, but suggesting that no meeting should be held in the evening. On being assured that it was most improbable that the Society would consent to forego their evening session, the Mayor told the Chairman that the responsibility would rest on him, which he readily accepted, the Mayor promising a sufficient force of police to preserve order. Mr. Hoyt then resumed his speech, and the meeting proceeded with no more interruption than is allowed in an excited meeting. There was no organized disturbance to prevent anything being heard, such

as would make a further dispersion necessary. The back of the riot, for the time being, had evidently been broken. When Mr. Hoyt ended the Society adjourned until the evening. Up to this point the Mayor had performed the part of a good magistrate, while within the walls of the Temple, and had he continued in the same well-doing, his foolish talk to Messrs. Hayes and Heywood, at their interview with him the week before, would have been forgotten.

Unfortunately, for his sake as well as that of the Society, he took other counsels. When these last came to their Hall, they found it shut against them by his orders, on the pretence that he had intelligence of an attack designed upon the meeting which he took this means to prevent. That such an attack was probable we can well believe; but we apprehend that the persons to be dispersed were the rioters and not the peaceable objects of the riot. From the experience of the afternoon we think it certain that as many policemen as were then employed would have sufficed to prevent actual violence. Certainly, a military company in waiting near by would have done so. At any rate, it was his clear duty to protect, to the utmost of his power, a lawful assembly of citizens, and not to disperse it. Had all his power been insufficient to save it from harm, he would have been free from blame, and the persons composing it would have met the consequences as best they might. After this high-handed violation of their rights, the Society declined using the Hall the next day, and exposing themselves to the indignity of being turned out of their own doors by the Mayor, or having them shut in their faces. And herein we think they did only what a decent self-respect demanded of them. They could not recognize his right to put them out of their own property, as he thought fit, by acknowledging his right to do so again at his pleasure. Thus the Annual Meeting of the Society was brought to an end by the rioters, or rather the mob, for they were doing the work of the mob, by openly preventing it from being held according to their plan. It should be added that the policemen who were in attendance, previous to the appearance of the Mayor, were passive spectators of the riot, having been instructed, as we understand, to remain so unless actual violence was attempted. This only encouraged the rioters, of course, in the work they were doing. One of them, on being asked why he made no arrests, said, that if he did, he should be dismissed from the force, as the rioters were the friends of the Mayor. If permitted to do so, we believe they would have been ready to do their duty. We have no room, were it necessary, to consider whether the conduct of Mr. Wightman in the premises was the result of the vacillation of a weak mind or of a guilty complicity with the outrages of the mob. We think he can hardly escape one horn or the other of this dilemma.

Hoped had been entertained, after the extraordinary statements of the Mayor to Messrs. Hayes and Heywood, in advance, as to what his course would be, that Governor Andrew would feel it to be his duty to extend that protection to citizens of the State, in the exercise of a plain constitutional right, that the Mayor of Boston had declared he should not afford. We understand that His Excellency had expressed his readiness to do so, the week before. But, upon mature consideration, he came to the conclusion, that he had no right to call out the military to keep the peace in Boston, unless upon a requisition of the Mayor, and that he had no authority to command the Sheriff of the County to do so, because that officer is elected by the people and not appointed by himself. While we cannot question the conscientious sincerity with which Governor Andrew holds these opinions, we are compelled, with all possible deference, to doubt their soundness. And we regret that he should have lost an opportunity like this, which comes to a man but once in a lifetime, of doing an action which would have won for him the admiration of the great mass of the citizens of his State, and of the world, and, we believe of the numbers of his city and of the world. The are that his predecessor would have rejoiced at the occasion, and would not have suffered from particular scruples to hinder him from seizing it and making it the means of a dashing and brilliant career. We cannot but think, that a successor of Adams, Caleb Stow, and John Brooks were appropriately employed in defending Freedom of Speech trampled under foot, in the streets of his capital, than in putting his militia in order for service against the Seceding States. A position, in its terms infinitely more exasperating to the South than anything the Abolitionists could have said, while practically it is as mere a *brutus fulmen*, as if it were one to assist the *man in the Moon* against an insurrection of Lunarians.

The Society, our readers will see elsewhere, despatched its business at its Rooms on Friday morning, and adjourned. Had the House of Representatives been pleased to grant them the use of their Hall, as was kindly moved by Mr. Fiske of Sherburne, of his own mere motion, they would have had a parting Session that night. But as it was refused, they went their way, well satisfied that they had done their duty, and well assured, from their long experience, that their cause was better promoted by the violence they had suffered than it would have been by the most patient and successful hearing they could have had.

CLAY IN THE HANDS OF THE POTTERS.—On the 19th of December, Cassius M. Clay, writing at his home in Kentucky to a friend in Indianapolis, after reviewing the condition of public affairs, announced his judgment as to the duty of the Republican party in the following terms:

"What shall I say? What shall I do? I listen—I hear the voice of conscience, the voice of God—the voice of the great dead. 'The dead, his death, his memory live.' I give Ben Wade's speech in the Senate is the true ground. Let us stand with and by him to the end. 'The Constitution, the Union, and law we must be preserved.' With old John Adams, 'living or dying,' I stand by the declaration."

In twenty-four hours after the publication of this letter in the New York journals, the telegraph proclaimed that Cassius M. Clay was in Washington urging the Republican members of Congress to back down from their resolution to follow the advice contained in his own letter! This is his mode of "standing by the declaration." Why this sudden change of front? Our belief is, that Mr. Clay, having been disappointed in his aspirations to the Presidency and the Vice-Presidency (for he was weak enough to hope for, if not to seek, a nomination to one or the other of these places at Chicago), went to Washington to look after his chances for a seat in Abraham Lincoln's Cabinet. The "potter" of compromise there, understanding the point of his ambition, took him in hand, and, having flattered him with the idea that they would secure his appointment to the coveted place, easily moulded him to their will. In basely consenting to the expulsion of John G. Fee and his associates from Kentucky, Mr. Clay hoped to smooth his way to a nomination at Chicago; but he was disappointed there, and he may be disappointed in the results of his more recent treachery.

FAREWELL AT NEWTOWN, PA.—The announcement of Theodore Tilton's lecture at Newtown, Pa., on Friday evening, 26th ult., called forth from certain democratic circles significant threats that he would not be allowed to speak. To some of the public placards advertising the lecture was appended a notice that uncharitable eggs would be in demand. The respectable people of Newtown, indignant that any attempt should be made to conquer free speech, turned out in great numbers, and crowded the hall to its utmost capacity. Mr. Tilton spoke nearly two hours, with no other disturbance than some noisy demonstrations outside the building. His subject was, "Some Things that need to be changed."

RHODE ISLAND DISGRACED.—The Legislature of Rhode Island has repealed the Personal Liberty law by large majorities in the two Houses, thereby placing the State in a most humiliating attitude. The slaveholders, so far from being placated by such subversive, feel the utmost contempt for the cowardice it exhibits. Rhode Island is ruled by the lords of the spindle, most of whom are at heart in

ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Phonographic report for THE LIBERTATOR by J. M. W. YERRINGTON.

On Thursday, January 24th, at 10 a.m., according to appointment, the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society met at the Tremont Temple. At this hour the house was nearly full with as quiet and orderly an audience, as could be desired, very many of whom were ladies, there was scarcely an indication of the riotous proceedings which followed. But at 11 o'clock, the gallery at the rear of the hall had become densely filled with a noisy and vulgar crowd, others of whom pressed in at the corner doors beneath the gallery, to the great inconvenience of those sitting there. They interrupted the speakers by groans and howls from time to time, giving occasionally three cheers for the Union, by way of variety.

FRANCIS JACKSON, the President, called the meeting to order. Rev. SAMUEL MAY, JR., from the Committee of Arrangements, then proposed, as Assistant Secretaries, Charles K. Whipple, Wendell P. Garrison, and James M. W. Yerrington; and also the following Committees:

Committee to Nominate the Society's Officers for 1861—

Edmund Quincy, Dedham; William Abby, Newburyport;

William Draper, Concord; Benjamin Snow, Jr., Fitchburg;

George Draper, Milford; Elias Richards, Weymouth; James M. Aldrich, Fall River; Joseph Ricketson, New Bedford;

Josiah Hayward, Salem; Thomas J. Hunt, Abington; J. B. Swasey, Boston; Charles E. Hodges, Dorchester; Joseph A. Howland, Worcester; Lemuel Stevens, Plymouth; Jacob Leonard, Boston; William L. Bowditch, Brookline.

Business Committee—William Lloyd Garrison, Wrentham;

Phillips, Maria W. Chapman, L. Maria Child, Mary M. Brooks,

Sarah E. Wall, John T. Sergeant, Charles C. Burleigh, David

Lee Child, Aspinwall, T. W. Higginson, Andrew T. Foss,

Henry C. Wright, Frederick Frothingham, E. H. Heywood,

John H. Stephenson, F. Ford Douglass.

Finance Committee—Samuel May, Jr., James N. Buffum,

Ebenezer D. Draper, Nathaniel A. Spooner, Elbridge

Sprague, Miss Sallie Holley, Mrs. Benjamin Snow, Jr., Mrs.

Frances H. Drake, Mrs. B. M. Randal, Joseph Merrill, Wm.

L. Garrison, Jr.

Rev. SAMUEL MAY, JR., then read the 94th Psalm,

explaining that it was selected at the request of Mr.

Garrison, who had not yet recovered from his illness.

Prayer was then offered by Rev. ROBERT C. WATERSTON.

The Treasurer, EDMUND JACKSON, read his Annual Report, as follows:

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, in account with EDMUND JACKSON, Treasurer.

1860. To Cash paid expense Annual Meeting. \$ 158.76

paid Francis Jackson, Treasurer

American A. S. Society. 54.82 95

expenses 4th July at Framingham 34.05

" paid J. M. W. Yerrington, for reporting

donation to Wm. Still 71.00

100.00

50 copies of "Liberator" sent to members of Congress 56.00

moving to and fitting new Office 23.37

R. F. Walcut, one year's salary 44.05

S. May, Jr., Gen. Agent 29.05

E. H. Heywood, Gen. Agent 29.05

several mos. and expenses 59.43

C. C. Burleigh, lecturing and expenses 188.70

A. T. Foss, lecturing and expenses 63.80

C. L. Heywood, lecturing and expenses 22.00

Sallie Holley, lecturing and expenses 56.52

office rent, one year 58.77

printing, posting and circulating petitions 2.00

Balance 55.50

\$11,200.53

1860. To By balance in Treasury 691.81

Contributions at Annual Meeting

Proceeds of Fairs at Arlington 527.14

At New England A. S. Convention 100.00

Proceeds of Fair at Lynn 47.58

Col. at New England A. S. Convention 299.18

Collections 4th July at Framingham 84.20

Twenty-sixth Month 82.30

Twenty-seventh Month 5.82

Balance 150.00

\$11,200.53

Jan. 1, 1861.—By balance to new account 1,234.24

EDMUND JACKSON, Treasurer

Jan. 16, 1861.—I have examined the foregoing account and find the whole amount received and paid, and the balance now in the Treasurer's hands, correctly stated the above abstract. WM. L. BOWDITCH, Auditor.

The Report was accepted.

EDMUND QUINCY, Esq., then read the following letter from Mr. Garrison:

LETTER OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

BOSTON, January 2

have uttered parrado Eastern Massachusetts. It is no matter whether we number two hundred, one hundred, or fifty. The very meeting of this body, in defiance of all the wealth of the city, is a victory. The mob cannot shut us out of this hall, though they may be able to conquer our voices. If we cannot live by law, we cannot live at all. This question is not one of argument, or eloquence, or words; with State street it is a mere question of dollars. But South Carolina knows that, in the long run, dollars do not rule in this country, but ideas rule. You know very well that Daniel Webster represented the dollars of Massachusetts. Edward Everett, to-day, represents the dollars of Massachusetts. He can be endorsed by every bank president and by every manufacturing corporation in Massachusetts; but they are not able to turn Charles Sumner out of his seat (applause). They may make money, but wealth is not the fountain of public thought.

[Here Mr. Phillips addressed himself for some time, in a moderate tone, to the reporters and friends immediately round him—a proceeding which seemed to provoke the rowdies at a distance to a curious silence.]

Abolitionists, look here! Friends of the slave, look here! These pencils [pointing to the reporters] will do more to create opinion than a hundred thousand mobs. While I speak to these pencils, I speak to a million of men. What, then, are these boys? (Applause.) We have got the press of the country in our hands. Whether they like us or not, they know that our speeches sell their papers (applause and laughter). With five newspapers we may defy five hundred boys. Therefore, just allow me to make my speech to these gentlemen in front of me, and I can spike all those canons (applause). Why, if I should write out my speech, and give it to *The Atlas and Bee*, I need only stand and laugh at yonder noises. My voice is beaten by theirs, but they cannot beat types. All hail, and glory to Faust, who invented printing, for he made mobs impossible! (Applause.) I appeal from the cradles of Boston to the press of the Commonwealth. These boys have got a holiday. Let us be glad their masters gave it to them. They only mistook the place to come to. The Common is the place for Election Day, not Tremont Temple. But what we want to send out to the country is the fact. You know that when the Billingsgate fish-women of Paris came into the galleries of the National Convention, they simply resolved that they were in perpetual session. Well, while newspapers are printed, so are we. Now, those fellows cannot last but one morning, while the Abolitionists can talk till doomsday. They have an unending gift of free speech (groans for the Abolitionists). Those boys have been singing, "We are going home," for some time; and if our speeches are so unpalatable and vituperative, I wonder they do not go. The doors are all open. But, after all, friends, let us rejoice in this hour. Twenty-five years ago, half in whispers, with bated breath, in halls that would hold two hundred people, we cried *Disunion*; and to-day, the Rocky Mountains bring back the echo, and thirty States are sandered in the effort to free the slave (loud cheers). We debated, thirty years ago, whether we could raise ten thousand dollars in order to print anti-slavery tracts; now, the Charleston *Mercury* and the Louisville *Journal* print them for us (applause). Poor fellows! [pointing to the rioters] they have no organ—we have conquered *The New York Herald*.

They say one man is a majority, when he has right on his side; I have got three thousand on my side. [Tumult in the gallery, during which Mr. Phillips paused, and then said]—Do not be impatient, ladies and gentlemen, it is only ten minutes to twelve; there is time enough. Time will do everything. It will bring South Carolina back into the Union a free State (applause). We are not going to lose one of the old thirteen. We are going to conquer them all to freedom, I mean, before I die, to have all the thirteen States in the Union, without a slave (applause). My disunion means, simply to get rid of the slaveholders. I want the son of every black man who fought with Washington inside my Union, and I know that the 384,000 blacks of South Carolina are the sons of the Revolution. The stars and stripes shall yet protect them in liberty (applause). Only wait; we shall worry out these boys. That is Boston; we will appeal to the Commonwealth in a moment or two; that is a very different scene. I understand the State House has begun to move, and got as far as half way down Park street; and when the codfish comes, look out, for we shall have quiet. *Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem*. That means—Free Speech (applause). We will have it yet. Massachusetts is not conquered; the capital is not owned by State street (cheers); and whoever is Mayor of Boston, John A. Andrew is Governor of the Commonwealth (prolonged cheers). I do not despair of the Commonwealth.

Three groans were given for Gov. Andrew by the crowd in the gallery, which were followed by three cheers for Mayor Wightman. Then some one called out "Three cheers for Wendell Phillips," which were given with an emphasis.]

Mr. Phillips—An Abolitionist is a happy man, to have such a cheer as that, and a mob besides (laughter and applause). I hope all my blessings won't come at once. [A Voice—"Go ahead: we've got them where the hair is short."] This remark called forth uproarious laughter from both sides.

Wendell Phillips resumed—Oh, we have been through a great many such scenes as this. There is always a calm after a storm. You will find after this, that every Representative from Massachusetts on the floor of Congress will stand so straight that he will lean backward (applause and hisses). I am told that Charles Sumner said, a fortnight ago, that he had more reliance on South Carolina than on Massachusetts to help us in this crisis (applause by the mob). He will rejoice when the Commonwealth comes down like a vulture, and sweeps that gallery where it belongs—into the calaboose (applause, groans for Charles Sumner, and hearty cheers). Well, friends, we ought to be very generous. The conquerors should allow the conquered to complain as much as they please. When, twenty years ago, we began our labor, Edward Everett was at the top of the ladder. To-day, this Society, after twenty years of argument, sends Charles Sumner (hisses) into the Senate, and Edward Everett at the head of a Committee (cheers for Everett). We have turned things upside down, and got them right side up. [A Voice—"Why didn't you send Burlingame?"] To-day, Sumner represents Massachusetts, and Everett and Winthrop—we have taken them down from that elevation—they represent the Merchants' Exchange (applause).

Now, gentlemen, allow me to make one exceedingly serious and timely suggestion to you. It is more than likely, that within a short time, the civil authority will enter this hall; and allow me to suggest, in order that it may be known who are our friends and who are not, that the friends of this platform will, as far as possible, keep their seats and preserve silence (cries of "Good" and applause).

[This statement and request of Mr. Phillips had an instantaneous effect on the mobocrats, who became almost entirely quiet, and remained so, with only occasional interruption, to the close of Mr. Phillips's speech.]

Mr. Phillips—And now, having secured a little temporary quiet, suppose we go back to the consideration of the question which assembles this Society this morning, which is, the abolition of American slavery. There exists, as you know, ladies and gentlemen, in this fragment of the Union—several States having quitted it—the Gulf States having almost or entirely parted, and only the border States and the Mississippi States left to us—there exists, at this moment, throughout the North, the question, what mood of mind shall we present ourselves to our Southern brethren? How shall we let them understand the position of the North? Our delegates in Congress—those from New England certainly—have done their duty like men. It is understood that the speech of Mr. Seward was read to them a week before its delivery, and repudiated (cries of "Good," cheers and hisses). New England said—"We wish no compromise—we will allow none. We have walked up to this spot by the toil of a quarter of a century. We are ready to meet the South on the broad question of abolition. We settle the whole question here. Either let it be laid out of politics, by the mere territorial settlement, or we settle the question on a broad basis." They are not for any compromise, whatever. Now, what message shall Boston send to that faithful body of men? How shall we who are not fettered by the responsibilities of party, who represent not Party line, but the plastic opinion outside of them, represent, not the temporary moment, but the coming future—how shall we speak, at this hour, to the Union? I say it is no conceit, but, in this hour, and from sincere conviction. New England does the thinking for one half of the Union. We have sent our children to the valley of the Mississippi, and they look back to our codes and

our great men for their models, for their examples. They look to our press, and largely to our pulpits, and entirely to our colleges, to send them the best thought of the age. We hold the magnificent West, with its unlimited wealth and its coming omnipotence, in our right hand. "Westward the star of empire takes its way!" How shall it be wielded? Shall the slave rest in silence, hopeful that from the conscience of the North will come the cause of his jubilee? It is for us at this hour to save the masters from the bloodiest insurrection that ever occurred. It is by standing on the Northern basis, and demanding that this source of weakness and danger, that this national sin, that this convulsive element which threatens to, or has already dismembered the Union, shall be treated by statesmen. I have no word of censure for the great Senator of New York, still less, a word even of doubt for the incoming President of Illinois (cheers and hisses). I believe that, like an honorable man, he means to keep, and has told his friends to say that he means to keep in office the promises that were made for him in the campaign—and while Abraham Lincoln lives, and, spite of the rage of the men South of Mason and Dixon's line, he will live to be buried in the gratitude of the North, twenty or forty years hence (applause)—while he lives and dictates law to this country from the White House at Washington, as he will, on the 5th of March, and give it to *The Atlas and Bee*. We need only stand and laugh at yonder noises. My voice is beaten by theirs, but they cannot beat types. All hail, and glory to Faust, who invented printing, for he made mobs impossible! (Applause.) These pencils [pointing to the reporters] will do more to create opinion than a hundred thousand mobs. While I speak to these pencils, I speak to a million of men. What, then, are these boys? (Applause.) We have got the press of the country in our hands. Whether they like us or not, they know that our speeches sell their papers (applause and laughter). With five newspapers we may defy five hundred boys. Therefore, just allow me to make my speech to these gentlemen in front of me, and I can spike all those canons (applause). Why, if I should write out my speech, and give it to *The Atlas and Bee*, I need only stand and laugh at yonder noises. My voice is beaten by theirs, but they cannot beat types. All hail, and glory to Faust, who invented printing, for he made mobs impossible! (Applause.) I appeal from the cradles of Boston to the press of the Commonwealth. These boys have got a holiday. Let us be glad their masters gave it to them. They only mistook the place to come to. The Common is the place for Election Day, not Tremont Temple. But what we want to send out to the country is the fact. You know that when the Billingsgate fish-women of Paris came into the galleries of the National Convention, they simply resolved that they were in perpetual session. Well, while newspapers are printed, so are we. Now, those fellows cannot last but one morning, while the Abolitionists can talk till doomsday. They have an unending gift of free speech (groans for the Abolitionists). Those boys have been singing, "We are going home," for some time; and if our speeches are so unpalatable and vituperative, I wonder they do not go. The doors are all open. But, after all, friends, let us rejoice in this hour. Twenty-five years ago, half in whispers, with bated breath, in halls that would hold two hundred people, we cried *Disunion*; and to-day, the Rocky Mountains bring back the echo, and thirty States are sandered in the effort to free the slave (loud cheers). We debated, thirty years ago, whether we could raise ten thousand dollars in order to print anti-slavery tracts; now, the Charleston *Mercury* and the Louisville *Journal* print them for us (applause). Poor fellows! [pointing to the rioters] they have no organ—we have conquered *The New York Herald*.

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THE STANDARD.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HARRINGTON. A Story of Tarn Love. By the Author of "What Cheer," "The Ghost—A Christmas Story," & "Tale of Lynn," etc. Boston: Thayer & Eldridge. 1860. pp. 55.

This book is so good that, in spite of the uselessness of wishes, one cannot help wishing it were better.

A certain extravagance in the language is the first thing that strikes the reader. Some one has said that the adjective is the natural enemy of the substantive. The substantives in "Harrington" have a great many of these enemies to contend with; still more unfortunately, besides the undue multiplication of regular, normal, civilized adjectives, numbers of uncouth, barious, new-made and mis-made epithets are here accumulated, painfully detracting from the force of language already sufficiently energetic and expressive.

A like extravagance is to be found in some of the characters in this book. We readily pardon, in a novel, the delineation of an amount of good, or an amount of evil, which we do not find realized among the people of the actual world. The novel, like the stage, should "hold the mirror up to nature"; but there are some parts of nature, in and out of human life, that are quite enough of without a mirror, and a book filled with scenes and characters merely commonplace would not be worth reading. A word-picture, specially to draw our attention, must paint something which is rare or peculiar enough to draw our attention in the actual world; and yet the artist must beware that his pursuit of the striking do not lead him into the unreal. We say of two portraits, each expressing a face unknown to us, that one looks real and like, and the other unnatural. There is an aspect of unreality about some of the characters in "Harrington."

We find there also, whether or not the author consciously attempted it, a seeming imitation of the manner or matter of some other writers. There is, in passages, an elaborateness and persistency of description, a seeming attempt to say all that can possibly be said in the way of delineation, which reminds you of one of the faults of Dickens; and no one can see and hear "Tagmunt," without noticing an unsuccessful effort to paint what was successfully painted in "Topsy."

But, in spite of these drawbacks, the book has a real and intense interest, springing partly from the ability of the writer, and partly from his hearty enthusiasm in favor of certain truths that have not yet grown into popular acceptance. Thus, he seeks to induce woman to aspire, more than she has ever yet done, to transcend the "peculiar sphere" in which narrow prejudices and false theologies have kept her confined, and to vindicate the humanity which she shares with man, by the exercise of more active thought, more persistent purpose, and more independent action. Finding the ordinary idea of marriage, and its ordinary realization, poor, and inadequate to the high possibilities and intentions of that relation, he writes "a story of true love," in which the parties who unite their destinies for time and eternity not only feel a present affection for each other, but show a fitness, each for the other, a disposition to aid each other in the actual business of life, and a willingness each to give and receive help in growing into constantly greater nobleness and excellence.

Living in an age which has not outgrown the idea and practice of a legal subjection of woman to man, he freely paints some of the evil and vicious results of that custom. Living in a country which has undertaken (and thus far persevered in) the absurdity of joining freedom in political and social alliance with slavery, he pictures that absurdity, showing slavery as, in very many cases, it actually is, and as it always may be when the individual slaveholder is mean and base enough to allow him. Living in a part of that country where slavery is not practised, but only supported, and where men have become so depraved by long intercourse with slaveholders as, for the sake of a gainful trade with them, to tolerate, and even assist, the worst excesses of their avarice and cruelty, he vividly describes these Northern doughfaces, and paints one large class of Boston merchants precisely as we see them at the present day, sunk into the lowest depths of moral degradation. Finally, living at a time in which some men and women resist such degradation, and, even when pecuniary interest and personal safety are risked by it, speak and act manfully in behalf of justice and humanity, he glowingly depicts these also, the Good Samaritans of the nineteenth century, the true salt that preserves this slaveholding land from putrefaction.

This book opens with a description of a scene in the Red River region of Louisiana, where we are introduced to one of the worst of slaveholders, and one of the most wretched and hopeless of slaves. The slave, however, succeeded in secreting himself in the hold of a Boston vessel, which sailed from New Orleans. After bearing hunger, thirst, and the foul air of his prison three days and nights, until he could bear them no longer, he discovered himself to the crew. He dreading to do this, but it must be done, and his sinking heart derived some consolation from the thought—"Who'll send me back, after all I've gone through? Who'll be mean enough to do it?"

The Boston shipmaster proves to be as base a man as the Louisiana planter. Having failed to fall in with a vessel by which he might send back the slave, he keeps him a prisoner in Boston harbor while waiting for his return. The Boston merchant proves equally base. The mate, fortunately, possesses a human heart, and gives the slave his liberty. By such good fortune as occurs often in novels, and sometimes in actual life, the wretched slave, skulking by night through the unknown streets of Boston in search of a hiding-place, meets with Harrington. This young man, a person of many excellencies, noble character and refined culture, but of narrow fortune, secretes the fugitive in his single room, and provides for him until circumstances render it insecure, when he is removed, for safety, to the house of Harrington's betrothed.

Muriel, the heroine of this story, and its feminine representative of "true love," lives with her widowed mother, and makes wealth, elegance and the highest refinement the means of enabling life, instead of elevating it. She and Harrington, living in a period which manifested some of the noblest and some of the basest persons that ever Boston knew (the years immediately following the enactment of the Fugitive Slave law), had chosen the better part, and shared the highest thought, the noblest aspiration, and the most heroic class of action, to which that time gave birth. The ideas, the purposes, and the life then illustrated by such men as Theodore Parker, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, were these as they cherished and realized. They speak of these men with enthusiastic admiration, as giving the best example then extant of a life at once faithful to God and useful to man. They chose to share the obloquy which prejudice, superstition and selfish conservatism were accustomed to cast upon those eminent men; and when the opportunities came to do some worthy deed for justice, freedom and humanity, they showed themseleves worthy followers of these heroic leaders.

The slaveholder who claimed our unhappy fugitive as his property chanced to come to Boston, on business, just after Antony had been taken under Harrington's protection. By mere accident, he there finds, and seizes another fugitive from his plantation. This capture is made in the fugitive's own house, among the dwellings of his colored friends. But the audacious kidnapper not only fails to carry off his victim, but barely escapes with his life from the indignation of those whose premises he has invaded. This is one of the most exaggerated parts of the story.

By the indiscretion of Tagmunt, one of Antony's subordinate guardians, he is again seized by the inhuman captain, who confines him on an island in Boston harbor until his ship is ready to return to New Orleans. Thence he is again rescued by Harrington, in the John Brown manner, and placed in the city of Worcester, which our author represents as a city of absolute and ultimate refuge for fugitive slaves. In this enterprise, Harrington conquers a greater superior force, and attains his chief object, but receives his death wound. This, again, is a credit which Boston has not deserved, none of its citizens (in these latter days) having yet resented unto blood, striving against the particular sin in question.

Our readers may take as a specimen of this book a scene from the middle of it, between the captain, the owner and the mate.

loose from aboard my brig," foamed Captain Bangham, red with passion and pounding the desk with his fist.

The merchant sat in an iron-chair near the desk, looking at the captain, with a stern, cold, fixed, and sparkling with rage, as his set black eyes. "If I ever heard of such a thing in all my life, Bangham!" he exclaimed, slapping both arms of his chair with his palms, and glaring all around the little mahogany-furnished office. "But where were you when this was done?"

"I, sir?" Asleep in the cabin Mr. Atkins. Never knew a thing. Asleep in the cabin, sir, till this morning. Just for special safety I didn't have the brig hauled up to the dock yesterday, but let her lay in the stream." "Jones," says I, "have you seen the nigger this morning?" "No, I haven't," says he, cool as the day is. "I guess I'll take a look at him," says I, and so I took a biscuit and a mug of water, and toted down to the hole where I had I suppose the nasty devil tied up, and begged, he was gone! I climbed up on deck: "Jones," I shouted, "where's the nigger?" "I don't know where he is now," says he, the lazy as a ship in the doldrums. "All I know is, he's gone!" that I rowed him ashore about midnight, told him to put for it. "By—" gasped Captain Bangham, with a frightful oath. "I was so mad that I couldn't say a word. I just ran into the cabin, and when I came out, Jones wasn't there. Hallo, there he is now!" cried the captain, starting to his feet and pointing out of the window to a tall figure lounging along the wharf, and looking at the shipping.

The merchant jumped from his chair, threw up the window, and shouted, "Here, you, Jones! Come in here!"

The figure looked up nonchalantly, and lounged across the street toward the office.

"He's coming," said the merchant, purple with excitement, and sinking back into his chair.

He waited in silence, and presently the tall figure of the mate was seen in the outer office, through the glass door, lounging toward them. He opened the door in a minute, and came in carelessly, chewing slowly and nodding once to Mr. Atkins. A tall man, dressed in a sailor fashion, in a blue shirt and pea jacket, with a straw hat set negligently on his head, and a grave, inscrutable, sunburnt face, with straight, manly features and dull blue eyes.

"Mr. Jones," said the merchant, his face a deeper purple, but his voice constrained to the calm of settled rage, "this is a fine liberty you have taken. I want to know what you mean by it?"

"What do you refer to, Mr. Atkins?" returned the mate, steadily.

"What do I refer to, sir? you know what I refer to. I refer to your taking that man from my brig," roared the merchant.

"Mr. Atkins," replied the mate, phlegmatically, "Bangham, there, was going to take that poor devil back to Orleans. You don't mean to tell me that you meant he should do it?"

"Yes, sir, I did mean he should do it," the merchant roared.

"I am a you're a damned scoundrel," said the mate, with the utmost composure.

Captain Bangham, with a long whistle and set mouth with spitefulness. Mr. Atkins turned perfectly livid, and stared at the mate with his mouth pursed into an oval hole, perfectly aghast at this insolence, and almost wondering whether he had heard aright.

"You infernal rascal," he howled, springing to his feet the instant, purple with rage, "do you dare to apply such an epithet to me? You—to me?"

"To you?" thundered the seaman, in a voice that made Mr. Atkins drop into his chair as if he was shot. "To you? And who are you? You damned lubberly, purse-proud aristocrat, do you want me to take you by the heels and throw you out of that window? Call me that name again, and I'll do it as soon as I'd eat. You, indeed? You're the Lord High Brown, aint you? You're the Lord Knows Who, you blasted old money-grubber, aint you? You, indeed!"

In all his life, Mr. Atkins had never been so spoken to. He sat in a sort of horror, gazing with open mouth and glassy eyes at the sturdy face of the seaman, on which a brown flush had burned out, and the firm, lit eyes of which held him spell-bound. Bangham, too, horror-stricken, wonder-stricken, stared at the mate, staring at Jones for a minute, then burst into a roar of guffaw, and jumping to his feet cried, "Oh, he's a fool! he's mad! he's got a calentine; he's got a calentine, he's mad as a March hare," capering and hopping and prancing, meanwhile, in his narrow confine, as if he would jump out of his skin.

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